SATYR
AGAINST
MARRIAGE.

A

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Marriage.

O Demens ! Ita ſervus homo eſt ? Juve. *Sat. 6.*

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SATYR

AGAINST

MARRIAGE.

O Friend, continue in your Rural Air,
Nor Tempt our ſultry Town, nor ſullen Fair;
Live happy in a Quiet Single Life,
Hunt Foxes, Wolves, but ſhun the Marriage Strife:
Truſt me, no Game ſo Dang'rous as a Wife.

The Wretched Lover in all Forms I'll ſhow,
In all the Scenes of Folly and of Woe,
From the Land-Blockhead to the Empty Beau.
I'll ſhow you firſt the Lover and his Fair,
I'll ſhow them next a Miſerable Pair;
Conjur'd to one, a *Double* Helpleſs thing,
By the ſtrange Circle of a Wedding Ring.
O ſhun that Circle, ſhun the dang'rous ground,
Keep far, far off, and make Diſtant round;

Scarce keep in ſight, elſe e're you are aware,
You ſink in Quickſands and in Pois'nous Air,
Plung'd firſt in Love, then Marriage--- then Deſpair.

And now young Man, for yet thy Years are Green,
Conſider what ſhall be from what has been.
To the firſt Stage of Manhood juſt arriv'd,
For now ſome Eighteen Summers you have Liv'd,
Now is the Time to Powder and Perfume,
And Court Young Players in the Tyring Room,
To Sigh, to Languiſh, Bite your Lips, and tell
Some little Flirt the acted Charming well.
Thus does each Airy Fop his Courtſhip make,
Till *Cloe*'s loſt for ſome new Charmer's ſake;
This new One all on ſudden he admires,
Yes, He adores her all in Flames and Fires,
Says he's her Slave, and will her victim bleed,
And if this Fuſtian with the Nymph ſucceed,
He grows e're long a very Slave indeed.
He who might rove the Univerſe around,
Is to the Arms of a weak Woman Bound.
Like Sun-dry'd Reeds he Blazes and he burns,
And the Advice of all acquaintance Scorns;
Nor Tutor, Friend, nor Father can reſtrain
The Fiery Youth, while Love Uſurps the Reign;
Like the Raſh *Phaethon*, he firms his Aims,
Reſolv'd to Drive, tho' thro' Deſtructive Flames.
Fancy's, while yet no Down o'reſhade's his Face,
Fancy's, he's Fit to propogate his Race.

Fancy's,

Fancy's, Love's Tide, which now ſo ſtrongly Flows,
No Ebb, no Change, no Intermiſſion knows.
He Courts, Preſents, and Seranades the Maid,
And ſends his Verſes either Bought or made.
Walks near her Door with rueful downcaſt Mien,
The Aſs, the Lover, but no Man, is ſeen;
His Friends avoids, and Loaths all Manly kind,
For Love, the Worſt Greenſickneſs of the Mind.
O Love! O Cheat! O Couz'ner in thy Play,
Too Dear a Prize for thy falſe Joys we pay,
For Woman, for a Toy-----
We give our Hands, our Hearts, our very ſelves away.
The Nymph now Gain'd, who was ſo hardly ſought,
Their Parents never can to Terms be brought,
The Boy worth nothing beds a Bride worth nought,

Such was the Match when the Fam'd *A*-- was bound
To Painted *G*---
He Charm'd the *Mall*, the Ring, and all around
Both Theatres, the fair from him receiv'd their wound
No ſparkling Ball, no Beauiſh Ground was free,
But He was there, and was the Mighty He.
Now Searjeants Dogg him at each Turn, and meet
The Spark, who forc'd to bruiſe his tender Feet,
Uncoach'd evades them o're the ſtubborn Street.
From *Compter* ſcap'd, he flyes, and meets at home,
Poor Spouſe and ragged Brats in an exalted Room;
But *Marry'd*, the poor Slave muſt be content,
He ſees his Doom and does in vain repent.

Next comes the Fluttring-Fop with Dance & Song
And humms ſome Tune, to paſs the *Mall* along.
With airy Meaſures his gay Progreſs makes,
And gently Coupees at each ſtep he takes.
Then out he draws his fancied Watch, and ſhows
Time to a Minute to Companion Beaus,
This draws out his, That his, and each compares,
To try, if time be pointed right in theirs.
Vain Fops! who ſquander Time, our deareſt prize,
Only in taking Notice how it flyes.
The Spark his Cane ſwings next with charming grace
Viewing with careleſs Mein each beauteous Face,
And thinks himſelf the Charmer of the Place.
Now with a Haughty, ſidelong Air he walks,
At once takes Snuff, and laugh aloud and Talks.
With Fops like theſe Women are ſoon Alarm'd,
By Pride, ſuperiour to their own diſarm'd,
They languiſh, ſigh, and are with Folly Charm'd.
With Female Fools *much Talk and little Wit*,
Are the ſure Darts that never fail to hit.
Let him go on to ſpring his Female Game,
Falſe Fires reflected ſhall give real Flame.
Some Nymph, who much ſhall reputation boaſt,
Which ſtill ſhe has, it is not known 'tis loſt,
To catch our Fop, pretends to niceſt Rules,
Fool'd firſt her ſelf, fit to make others Fools,
Sets up for Fortune, Beauty, Wit and Youth,
Blaz'd by her Creatures for a certain Truth.

The Subtle, Close, Infectious, nimble Tales,
Buzz'd to some Friend who with the Fop prevails,
Set him agog, and all on Fire he flies,
Woo's, Fawns, and Cringes, Swears ten Thousand lies,
He Loves, and he must Gain, or strait he dies.
All in a Hurry is the Fop betray'd,
Nooz'd in *Spring-Garden* in a *Masquerade*,
No Man the Bridegroom, and the Bride no--- Maid.
Strait spacious Lodgings for his Mate he takes,
And she secures the Joynture which he makes;
Her boasted Fortune, and her vast Estate,
Prove all a Bubble, a meer Female Cheat.
Hence Feuds & Strife get Birth; e're long they part,
And she, well practic'd in the Female Art,
Sends him (no matter who's) a Chopping Brat,
Who, when he dye's shall vaunt with his Estate,
Spend what his Grandsires hoarded under Ground.
Laugh *Hymen*, Laugh, and Grin ye Satyrs round,
How like you *Frank*, the Blessed Scene in View,
Will any after this but Mad-men Woo?

But Grey *M*---- shall with his Crutch have place,
Tho' Wrinkles Seventy Years have Plow'd his Face,
Of Silver Hairs the Scandal and Disgrace.
He Shaves, he Powders, he Perfumes in vain,
No Art can bring his Youth, his Strength again;
In vain his Aukward apish Tricks he Tryes,
His hollow Cheeks, and Wrinkles baffle all Disguise.

Strange! that ſuch Age, ſuch right to folly claim,
Strange! that when ſeventy years have made him tame,
He ſhou'd hold Cards, who cannot play the Game.
But Marriage, like a Plague, Infection ſpreads,
And Horns will often ſprout on Silver Heads.
Marriage is like the Rabble rout in Streets,
Where each Inquires the News of each he Meets,
Thoſe who are *out* thruſt *in* the Preſs amain,
Thoſe who are *in* ſtrive to get *out* again.
Fixt, like Small Pox, is the Malignant knot,
Or Young, or Old, few dye without the ſpot.

But here comes one beyond the Fool in years,
A Fool, who much a Greater Fool appears;
One whom the Plague already had in wind,
And left broad Blotches of P---s Rage behind.
The Widdower--- who did the Seas explore,
Was toſt by Wind and Waves, half wreck'd before,
Ventures again, and leaves the happy ſhore.
Strange that he ſhou'd experience thus abuſe,
For he that Marries twice has no excuſe.
Why, when their Siſters did one Head deface,
Shou'd a new *Hydra*'s Head ſupply the place?
Thus Criminals, who 'ſcape the Law, perplext,
Rob when this Seſſion ends, are hang'd the next.

Suppoſe, my friend, Fair *Cloris* was your Bride,
And you all raviſh'd lying by her ſide;

Cloris

Cloris! whom you ſo highly have admir'd,
Whoſe dazling Beauty your deſires have fir'd.
Whoſe ſingle Glance your Reaſon cou'd Controul,
And ev'ry Motion ſhake your wond'ring Soul.
Imagine now your *Cloris* you had gain'd,
And one Week paſt ſince you the Bliſs obtain'd.
Draw wide the Morning Curtains, and Expoſe
The lovely Cheeks, the Lilly and the Roſe,
You and your Wife permit me to behold,
Your Wife! -- O frightful! grown already Old?
Where are thoſe ſwelling Breaſts, that charming Air?
Sure, I miſtake! this cannot be the Fair.
No Paint adorns that Face, that Face is grown
So Juſt, the homely Colour is its own.
How far unlike that ſparkling thing ſhe lies;
Her Lips diſcolour'd, and unbeam'd her Eyes.

Now *Frank*, Reflect, Man, who was born to Rule,
Sinks into Marriage, and comes up a Fool.
None was e're yet ſo happy in a Bride,
But oft did wiſh the fatal knot unty'd.
How is the Senſe of Lordly Man diſplay'd?
We make them Idols, worſhip them when made;
Diſdaining Wit, and ſcorning Merit too,
But love the fool, where they themſelves may view;
Where, by reflection, they the ſight may gain
Of ſomething very Proud, and very vain.

Think

Think on the bawling Brats, the Plagues of Life,
Think on them grown to Years of filial ſtrife,
Think, think--- weigh Marriage well----
Weigh but light woman juſt--up mounts in air the wife.
Reflect, Conſider what the word contains,
Contagion, Noiſe, and Fury in it reigns.
A Wife! confuſion, ſcarce the D----d fare worſe,
Than he that's wedded to the Female Curſe.
With Pride as Great as Lucifer Endu'd,
And as fam'd *Meſſalina* monſtrous Lewd.
To endleſs Charges ſhe allures her Spouſe,
And to ſay truth, ſhe too keeps open Houſe;
The Husband's Gueſts, and only his in ſhow,
Her's too in ſecret e're they part ſhall Grow.
Her Children flock the Careful Husband round,
And Sires for all may in the Room be found.
The Cuckold fondly ſtrokes the little Brood,
And thinks them all his own pure Fleſh and Blood,
Brags of his Feats, and of the dear Delight,
The leering Mother ſmiles, the Fathers laugh outright.
How like you *Frank*, the bleſſed Scene in View?
Will any after this but Madmen Woo?
Try ſome old Cits Gay Wife and find it true.

In Chaſt *Cheapſide*, not diſtant very far
From a known Tavern with a Noiſy Bar,
Inquire the Fam'd C---- and you ſhall find
A Keeping Lady wond'rous fair and kind.

A G----s Wife too not far thence is known
To give away more Jewels than her own.
But if her Spouſe, that poor Compliant thing,
Whom honeſt Cuckoldom to view muſt bring,
That Fiend that's rais'd within the Nuptial Ring;
Within his breaſt, worſe than the pointed Steel,
The ſtinging Pangs of Jealouſie ſhall feel;
Horror, Deſpair, and Rage, and Madneſs rowl,
And fire his Blood, and Poyſon all his Soul.
With threats his Wife he charges with her Crime,
And ſwears he knows the very Place and Time,
His Friends, grown her's, reproachfully Exclaim,
Cry to the Husband--- Barbarous ! O for Shame !
He Storms, and cries out---Cuckold---that's my name.
All Joyn againſt the Husband, none abuſe
The poor Good Wife, tho' Infamous as Stews,
And may ſuch fate attend all thoſe that Nooſe.
Back'd by her Friends, who will her Fame maintain,
And clear with Blood her falſe imagin'd ſtain,
She Rails, and calls him, Scoundrel, ſorry Slave,
A Beggar, Wretch, till ſhe her Fortunes Gave ;
Her Ample Fortune, Tenements and Lands,
Made his that Fatal Hour that Joyn'd their Hands.
And now ſhe turns, and Weeps, and then ſhe Cries
Is it for this Ingrateful Man-------
On my Unſpotted Fame you fix ſuch racking Lies ?
The Ninny melts, his boiling heart falls down,
And his Horns ſink within his Fronting Crown.

Her

Her Pettiſh Peeviſh Humours he muſt pleaſe,
And Act the Fool a Hundred Thouſand ways;
Her Slave by Night, her very Ape by Days.
Thus the poor Dog with Bell, turns, ſhifts, go's round,
That whom he leads may ſafely tread the Ground.
Yet the poor Curr muſt oft for all his Care,
Strokes undeſerv'd and Furious Laſhes Bear.
So muſt the Husband, paid for all his Pains,
Meet proud Inſults, while ſhe, the Tyrant Reigns,
And holds him like a Fetter'd Dog in Chains.
O *Hymen*, boaſt no more thou giv'ſt us Joy
'Tis thou that do'ſt all Human Peace deſtroy;
Where e're thou com'ſt all Pleaſures fly the Ground,
And Killing Cares whirl a perpetual Round,
While no dear Interval of Reſt is found.
The ſmother'd Fire, now burning, all alarms,
And the divided Houſhold ſtand to Arms.
But O, the Power of Gayety and Pride!
The greater part march to the Female ſide.
The Houſe is in an Uproar, Thunder roars,
And ſhakes the Chamber-Roofs, and jarring doors.
They part---- ſhe leaves him ſtruggling in the Nett,
He can't her *Alimony* fixt forget.
But he muſt ſoon remember, and muſt pay
Debts ſhe contracted in her Female ſway,
For Preſents, to her Lovers giv'n away.
What muſt this Wretched Husband do? what force,
What Art can e're prevail for a Divorce?

When

When one, if we may Credit buſie Fame,
Of Goodly Aſpect, *Great* in Bulk, and Name;
Practis'd all Means, yet hardly gain'd his Cauſe,
To prove himſelf the *very thing* he was.
Strange Female Power!--- ev'n Logick ye confound,
And Man can ſcarce, for *what he is*, be found.

Remember *Frank*, (and let's forget the Striſe
The Noiſe, the Plague and Nonſenſe of a Wife)
The true Delights of a bleſt ſingle Life.
Your Days and Nights your own, you may Aſſign
What time you pleaſe to Friends, and Mod'rate Wine,
Your happy Rural Sports you may renew,
But never Come where Woman is in view.
Woman! far more inconſtant than the wind,
Woman! by Nature to all Ill Inclin'd,
The ſure deſtroyer of a peaceful Mind:
Falſe as the Sea, and as a Bubble Light,
Our Sex's Plague by Day, our Curſe by Night.
Then Friend, with greateſt Diligence take Care,
Once Caught, there's no Redemption from the Snare.
We find a Cure for other Ills of Life,
But who can be Reliev'd that has a Wife?
Mind not the Praiſing Husbands of the Town,
Who, like the Fox in the Old Fable known,
Warn all to lop their tails, when they've loſt their own.

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